

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE RIDE THROUGH THE FOREST.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

CHAPTER VI.—ROYAL VISITORS—THE KING AND THE MACE-BEARER—THE FOES RECONCILED.

THE news of the good King's intended visit to Stanmore Park was soon spread abroad. The mayor and burgesses of Lynderton resolved that they would request his Majesty to honour their borough by stopping on his way at their town-hall. The whole place was speedily in a state of the most intense commotion. While the Colonel and his

womankind were making all the necessary preparations at the park, the lieges of Lynderton were engaged in the erection of triumphal arches, with a collection of banners of all sorts of devices, painting signboards and shop-fronts, and the polishing up of military accoutrements.

Lynderton was got into order for the reception of royalty even before Stanmore Park had been prepared. One chief reason was that there were many more hands in the town to undertake the work, and another was, there was less work to be done. The

great difficulty was to have the band playing at both places at once.

Colonel Everard had already engaged them, and they could not on any account disappoint him. Still for the honour of Lynderton it was necessary that a musical welcome should be waited to the King as he entered the precincts of the borough. At last it was arranged that a part of the foreign band should remain in the town to welcome the King, and then set off at a double-quick march to Stanmore, to be in readiness to receive him there.

The eventful morning at length arrived. It broke, however, with a threatening aspect. There were clouds in the sky, which looked more inclined to gather than disperse. Jacob Tuttle, who met Harry on his way to Stanmore, where he was to finish getting the tents in order, told him that it would be a rainy day. Madam Everard was in a state of greater anxiety than any one else; indeed, she had many things to trouble her. She was not sure that Monsieur Cochut would have performed his work to her satisfaction. Then there were so many mouths to feed, besides the King and his attendants, that she was afraid there might not be sufficient provisions for them. The tents were already erected. Harry had performed his part in a most satisfactory manner. She had no doubt the Baron de Ruvigny would arrange the band.

Not only was the King expected, but good Queen Charlotte* and one or two of the princesses had expressed their intention of driving over to Stanmore. A few select guests had been invited to meet them. Among others was Lady Tryon. There were also General Perkins and his wife, and the well-known couple, Sir James and Lady Wallace. The General and the Admiral were old friends, and older enemies, for they had met as lads, when one was lieutenant of marines, and the other a midshipman, and had actually fought a duel, at a time when that foolish and wicked custom was in vogue even among youths.

The great mass of the neighbourhood was invited to the grounds. All the arrangements were reported complete; but Madam Everard kept looking up anxiously at the sky, which threatened every instant to send down its waters upon the earth. The clouds gathered closer and closer, and some time before the hour at which the royal family were expected to arrive the rain began to descend. It was melancholy to look at the tents growing darker and darker as the water poured down on them, and to see the flags which should have been blowing out joyfully drooping on the flagposts. The rain pattered against the window panes, and the air blew in with a damp feel, which gave promise of a drenching day. Madam Everard became very unhappy; even the young ladies lost their spirits. The Colonel was the only person who seemed unconcerned.

"I have done my best," he observed, "and there is no man more ready to make allowance than the King, God bless him." The Colonel had been page to George II., and had been attached to the Court of the present King, and knew him well, and, moreover, his many trials and difficulties. "'Uneasy is the head that wears a crown.' Our good King finds it so, and few of his subjects have greater domestic as well as public trials to go through."

Harry Tryon had been very busy and highly

* The writer thinks it well at this point to state that the Royal visit actually took place as described; also that the main facts and characters in the story are taken from an unpublished diary of the time, in possession of a member of the family.

flattered by the confidence which the Colonel and Madam Everard had placed in him. Whether or not he still contemplated fighting the Baron de Ruvigny cannot now be said.

Seeing Madam Everard's anxiety, he offered in spite of the rain to mount a horse and gallop off to ascertain whether the royal party were coming or not. His offer was accepted, and he was soon galloping away through the street of Lynderton on the high road to Lyndhurst, by which it was expected the King would come. He met on his way an open carriage and four horses, full, as it seemed to him, of old women wrapped up in red cloaks and hoods, such as were worn by the peasantry. He had got to the turnpike kept by an old woman, Mammy Pocock by name, when he inquired whether the royal family had come by.

"Why, bless you, yes; that be they," said the old woman, pointing along the road. "They stayed in here ever so long, but at last they thought Madam Everard would be waiting for them, and so they borrowed my cloak, and they sent out and borrowed as many cloaks and shawls as could be found in all the cottages near. It was curious to see the Queen and princesses laughing as they put them on."

Harry was going to hurry back with the news, when he saw a party of four or five horsemen coming along the road. By this time the rain had somewhat ceased. He drew up on one side to see who the strangers were. He had little difficulty in recognising in the old gentleman who rode first with his coat buttoned up, but without any great coat, the King of England. Sir George Rose and two or three other gentlemen accompanied his Majesty. One of them, apparently, was urging him to stop at the toll-gate and dry his clothes. "A little wet won't hurt a man! a little wet won't hurt a man!" answered the King. "The sun will soon come out, and answer the purpose better than a fire."

As Harry knew that the Queen would arrive at Stanmore before he could get there, and that the King would be delayed for some time at Lynderton, he followed the cavalcade at a respectful distance.

As they reached the entrance of the town the rain altogether ceased, and the sun shone forth, and shouts of welcome rent the air, and the band played a joyous tune, and the mayor and the whole corporation in state came forth to welcome his Majesty, and to accompany him to the entrance of the town-hall. He there was ushered up, and led to a seat at the farther end, where he graciously received an address from the mayor, who, with the members of the corporation, were formally introduced.

Conspicuous at the other end of the room was a gaunt personage in scarlet robes trimmed with yellow fringe, bearing in his hand an enormous gilt club, so it looked.

"Who is that?" asked the King, eyeing the figure with a comical expression.

"That's our mace-bearer, your Majesty, Jeddiah Pike."

Jeddiah Pike, hearing his name announced, supposed that he was summoned, and advanced up the room. Overcome, however, by his feelings, and awe at finding himself in the presence of majesty, down he went on his knees, mace and all, and prostrated himself at the King's feet, while, looking up with an expression of the most intense reverence, he endeavoured to kiss the hand of majesty.

"Get up, man! get up!" exclaimed the King,

scarcely refraining his laughter, "I am not the Grand Seigneur nor a three-tailed Basha. Get up, get up, man, and you shall kiss my hand, if it pleases you." The King could restrain his laughter no longer, and gave way to a hearty cachinnation, in which his attendants, and even the mayor and corporation of Lynderton, heartily joined, greatly to the confusion of poor Pike, who retreated backwards, very nearly tumbling over his own gown as he endeavoured to escape from the royal presence. During the remainder of the ceremony, the King every two minutes gave way to another hearty laugh, and as he descended the stairs to mount his horse, he looked round, and again inquired for his friend Pike.

The King rode on as before, attended by the few gentlemen who had come with him from Lyndhurst, the populace following at a respectful distance. While he rode on, either side was lined with eager spectators, who gave forth with cheerful voices reiterated welcomes. The King nodded kindly, thanking the people now and then in words as he rode on.

Harry galloped on by a path he knew across the country, and the Colonel was in readiness to receive his royal guest on his arrival.

Meantime, the guests who had been invited to the *feite* on the lawn arrived from all quarters, while the breakfast-room which overlooked it had been prepared for the royal family. They dined alone—the Colonel and the ladies of his family, aided by Lady Tryon, attending on them. Lady Tryon was delighted at being invited by the Queen to attend on her. She made herself especially agreeable, and took the opportunity of introducing her grandson to their Majesties.

Harry behaved remarkably well under circumstances so novel to him, and Mabel, at all events, thought that she had never seen him looking so handsome.

"He would make a charming page," Lady Tryon whispered in her ear; "I must try and get their Majesties to take him."

Meantime the sky had cleared, the sun shone forth brightly. The guests were soon seen in their gayest costumes crossing the lawn to the tents, the band struck up and played the most joyous tunes, and the King came to the window and clapped his hands with delight.

It was pleasant to see their Majesties mixing among the crowd, and talking familiarly to many of the guests. Several the King recognised; among others, Sir James Wallace, and his friend, General Perkins. Upwards of an hour was thus passed, when one of the gentlemen-in-waiting suggested to his Majesty that unless they soon commenced their homeward ride it would be dark before they could reach Lyndhurst. The Queen and princesses had already retired, as they purposed returning by the road they came.

"We must restore her cloak to Dame Pocock," observed the Queen, "and other friends who were kind enough to lend them to us."

The King, however, purposed riding across the forest by a shorter cut, and through much beautiful woodland scenery. Harry held the King's horse, while Colonel Everard assisted him to mount.

"Ah!" said his Majesty, shaking the Colonel by the hand, "I am a happy King to be able thus to ride through a forest with only three or four un-

armed attendants. Is there another sovereign in Europe that could do the same? I wot not, Colonel."

"Perhaps this young gentleman would like to accompany us," said one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, turning to the Colonel. "I know my way across the forest, but he probably is better acquainted with the paths on this side of it, and may somewhat shorten our ride. I am anxious to get the King home again lest his Majesty should have suffered by remaining so long in his damp clothes."

Harry was soon on horseback and galloping along to overtake the royal party. Every path and glade in that part of the forest was well known to him, and he was thus able to conduct the King, not only by shorter paths, but to show him some especial bits of woodland scenery. The King was much pleased, and complimented Harry on his taste. Whole troops of deer were seen coming in from all directions towards a keeper's lodge, where they were accustomed to assemble every evening to be fed.

"A pity to shoot such beautiful creatures," said the King, "this forest should be their own. If I had to frame new forest laws I should certainly let the deer benefit by them. What say you, young gentleman?"

Harry had to confess he had no objection to ride after a stag with a pack of hounds, nor indeed to exercise his skill as a marksman on a fat buck.

The King laughed.

"We must not be too much guided by our feelings," he observed.

The King conversed constantly with Harry during the ride, and told him that he hoped to see him again. The young man bowed low as they reached Lyndhurst, and it is not surprising that his spirits should have been somewhat elated at the honour which had been done him. He turned his horse, and galloped quickly over the soft turf back again towards Stanmore, eager to report the safe arrival of the King, and, it is possible, to enjoy another dance with Mabel. She was not less well pleased than he was with the honour the King had done him, and it is not surprising that the young people should have thereon built up a somewhat lofty castle in the air, vapoury and changeable, as such castles invariably are. Lady Tryon was still more pleased. Her grandson had achieved a success. She saw him in imagination basking in the smiles of royalty, and obtaining the advantages which such smiles occasionally bring. Not always, though, as they are apt to raise up "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," in the hearts of rivals.

Dancing was still going on when Harry got back. On such occasions the officers of the foreign legion considerably eclipsed the less nimble-footed Englishmen, and were proportionally favourites. They were, therefore, far more popular with the ladies than with the gentlemen part of the community.

Harry had not forgotten his quarrel with the Baron de Ruvigny, and was somewhat surprised that the young lieutenant looked at him in so unconcerned a manner. He was not revengeful by disposition, but he fancied that he was in honour bound to settle the matter.

"The sooner the better," he thought to himself. "I will look out for him on his way to Lynderton, and see what he has to say for himself."

In the meantime he danced with Lucy and Mabel, and two or three other young ladies, for although it had been the custom for a gentleman to confine himself to the same partner during the whole of the

evening, the foreign officers had managed to break through it, and thus to divide their attentions more generally among the fair sex. At length the *fête* came to an end. Everybody declared it was delightful. Harry saw Lady Tryon into her carriage, and saying that he would walk home, went back to pay his adieus to the ladies. Mabel looked more beautiful than ever, and gave him a smile which made him feel very happy.

"By the by," said the Colonel, drawing him aside, "if you ever have an 'affair of honour,' you must promise to ask me to be your second. Remember I am an old soldier, and you could not have a better man. I must exact this promise."

Harry felt very foolish. He did not know how he looked. He could not help suspecting that the Colonel knew his secret; yet "how could he have known it?" The Colonel, however, would not let him go till he had passed his word.

"Perhaps I may have to call upon you sooner than you expect, sir," he said; "really, these foreigners try one's temper."

"Perhaps you don't understand the foreigners, Harry," he said, in a good-natured tone. "However, good-night;" and the old officer returned chuckling into the drawing-room.

Harry hurried on. He had seen the Baron de Ruvigny leave the house but a short time before, and he expected soon to catch him up. He was not disappointed. The moon shone brightly. He knew

the baron's figure, and saw him a little way ahead in company with several other officers.

Harry soon overtook them, and walking up to the side of the young baron, touched him on the shoulder.

"We had a little affair to settle the other day, baron," said Harry.

The young baron hesitated.

"I was labouring under a mistake. I confess it," he answered. "Colonel Everard has spoken to me, and has made me promise not to carry the matter further. I did not consider that you had a right to interfere, and I was, therefore, angry. I tender you my apology."

Harry hesitated a moment. Was it generosity or cowardice which made the young baron act in this way? "It is the first, I am sure," thought Harry. "I accept your apology gladly," he answered.

The young men shook hands and walked on side by side, both probably feeling much happier than they did before. They might, to be sure, have caused some sensation in the place had they fought; but even had one of them been killed, the event would probably have been no more than a "nine days' wonder," and even his most intimate acquaintance would soon have ceased to mourn. The two after this became fast friends.

The baron especially had many interesting adventures to relate, especially those he had undergone in escaping from France—"La belle France!" as he still called his native country.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

INCIDENTAL NOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TIMMS.

XL.—A VISIT TO PARIS.



In the autumn of 1826, jaded with disappointment, brought about by the panic among the publishers, I resolved upon a visit to Paris, with no definite object beyond recovery from that state of things which is significantly termed a forlorn hope; or it might be with the old notion that things having come to the worst, they must surely mend. It were needless to speculate upon pleasure with an empty exchequer; but, being put in possession of a small family property, upon such slender provision, in spite of the Spanish proverb that "he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," I left the Tower stairs by steam at noon, and landed at Calais at midnight, after a pleasant passage with intelligent companions, bent upon making the best of everything: yet how few are so fortunate as to be gaining either wealth or fame while gratifying an inclination. Five-and-forty years ago, of which I write, Englishmen were scattering their loose gold in the capital and provinces of France; and as a splendid compliment to wealthy England, Louis Philippe was about to send a representative to our approaching coronation with an outfit of £24,000, nearly one-half of the expense of the ceremonial itself.

Except to an Englishman setting his foot for the first time on the continent, Calais has little that is remarkable to show. As I landed, the silence of the town, beneath a cloudless, moonlit sky, was broken by the ceaseless clatter of the hotel touters. The

principal gate leading from the seaside into the town is that figured by Hogarth in his "Sirloin, or the Roast Beef of Old England." The painter, whilst taking the sketch, was arrested by the guard and taken before the commandant, who told him it was fortunate the Treaty was just signed (for the peace of Aix la Chapelle), or he (Hogarth) would have been hanged for his indiscretion in sketching the fortifications. The gate was built by Cardinal Richelieu (1635).

I passed most of my indoor time in a large rambling house, opposite Roberts's Hôtel Royal. The entrance to our domicile was through a doorway, cut in a large wooden gate, with a long bell-handle dangling at its lintel. The dining-room was large, but the furniture was old and rickety; the suite of chairs and fauteuils being stuffed in yellow figured damask, with the dust of the *ancien régime* in them. The kitchen was inhospitable, dark, and dreary. The servant's name was Therese; the proprietor of the house was an Academician, as I afterwards learned from a brass plate on his door. His room was a kind of studio, with a guitar, an old pianoforte, and a spinning-wheel, a favourite parrot, and a raven. He had written an antiquarian history of Calais, and had just commenced oil-painting on panel, without any acquaintance with the rules of art. In the town he was much reputed as a mediator between the French and English town-folk in their tattling disputes; but he sometimes exercised his benevolence at his own cost.

Roberts's Hotel opposite became a sort of dépôt

for confiscated goods, and on the door of one room was long traceable under a coating of paint, the emphatic line, "Vive la Nation," which produced such a magic effect upon the destinies of Europe. The hotel contained some magnificent rooms, and the upper storey commanded a charming prospect over the Straits. In the cemetery, formerly the garden of the mansion, lie the remains of Emma, Lady Hamilton, who died here in great misery. Calais is storied with memories of old France, as in the Fourteen Months' Siege by Edward III, and the heroic devotion of Eustace de St. Pierre and his six companions. But this story is one of the many "Historic Ninepins" which are continually being *bowled down*. Hallam records it as a painful circumstance that the citizens of Calais, more interesting than the common heroes of history, were unrewarded, and begged their bread in misery through France. Froissart, of course, wrought up the story after his manner; in all the colouring of his history he is as great as Livy, and as little observant of particular truth. Without going the length of pronouncing the scene of the worthy citizens with halters round their necks to have been a "got-up" affair, the boasted loyalty of Eustace de St. Pierre is much doubted. M. de Bréquigny states that Eustace, after the taking of Calais, became a pensioner of King Edward, on condition of his maintaining good order, and of his preserving it to England. Even in Froissart there is nothing to prove that Edward designed to put these men (the citizens) to death. On the contrary, he notes that the King's refusal of mercy was accompanied with a wink to his attendants, which, if it meant anything, must have meant that he was not acting seriously. ("Lingard," third edition.) However, documents exist proving that the inhabitants of Calais were indemnified for their losses; and, whether or not the family of Eustace approved his conduct, so much is certain, that on the death of the latter the property which had been granted to him by King Edward was confiscated, because they would acknowledge their allegiance to the English.

The Pier of Calais, at the time of my sojourn, was decorated with a pillar, raised to commemorate the return of Louis XVIII to France, in 1814; it bore an inscription, besides "a brazen plate let into the pavement upon the precise spot where Louis's foot first touched the soil: it was the left; and an English traveller noticed in his journal, as a sinistrous omen, that when Louis Désiré, after his exile, stepped on France he did not put his right foot foremost." ("Quarterly Review.") At the Revolution of July, 1830, both inscription and footmark were obliterated, and the pillar now stands a monument merely of the instability of French opinions and dynasties.

At Dessein's Hotel are *Chambres de Sterne et Sir Walter Scott*; the latter slept here in 1826, on his return from Paris, where he had been to collect materials for his "Life of Napoleon." The noted Beau Brummel passed the evening of his mis-spent career in privacy at Calais, where he found scarcely a friend to shed a ray of comfort around him in his dire necessity. A visit of George IV to the continent held out to him a gleam of hope; but the King came to Calais and did not send for Brummel, or in any way notice him.

After a sojourn of some days, during which the sights of Calais were fairly exhausted, our party, four in number, started in a *calèche* and pair, post, for Paris: this is the best sort of carriage for a

small party; by the application of leather curtains or movable windows it may be made to hold four persons inside under cover, in case of rainy weather; the latter provision we had the means of testing. Our journey occupied three days; we rattled through Boulogne with little regard for the English society of the place at that period. Abbeville and Beauvais are the finest towns on the road. In the former the church of St. Wulfran, with its splendid flamboyant façade, did not escape us. Abbeville was our second resting place. The hotel charges were high; yet, notwithstanding our deductions, the landlady presented us with a profusion of very fine grapes at our departure.

Beauvais is a famous city, noted for its beautiful Gothic cathedral, its choir apparently more lofty than that of Amiens, though not really so; and its richly painted windows are of the time of Louis IX. The church of St. Etienne is more ancient than the cathedral, and the windows are of great beauty. The great *place*, or square, here, as in other large towns in France, on market-days, presents us with a picturesque profusion of "the fruits of the earth," and their animated purveyors, many of them, rustic beauties. The women of Beauvais, led by Jeanne de la Hachette, in 1472, displayed the greatest courage in the defence of the city against Charles the Rash, and the Duke of Burgundy with an army of 80,000 men; the Beauvais women, in their heroism, are said to have exceeded even the men. The exploits of Jeanne are depicted in the town-hall; and in memory of this event, the women took precedence of the men in a yearly procession, which was kept up till the time of the Revolution.

These flying notes I feel to be unworthy of their subject, and fortunately, I am relieved from my dilemma. In this very month, Sir Walter Scott made his journey to Paris, to search documents for his "Life of Napoleon," then in progress; and in the sixth volume of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter*, published in 1838, I find this admirable sketch of France at the above period: "France, so far as I can see, which is very little (says Scott), has not undergone many changes. The image of war has, indeed, passed away, and we no longer see troops crossing the country in every direction—villages either ruined or hastily fortified—inhabitants sheltered in the woods and caves to escape the rapacity of the soldiers; all this has passed away; the inns, too, much amended. The general taste of the English seems to regulate the travelling—naturally enough, as the hotels, of which there are two or three in each town, chiefly subsist by them. We did not see one French equipage on the road; the natives seem to travel entirely in the diligence, and doubtless, *à bon marché*; the road was thronged with English. But in her great features, France is the same as ever. An oppressive air of solitude seems to hover over these rich and extended plains, while we are sensible, that whatever is the nature of the desolation, it cannot be sterility. The towns are small and have a poor appearance, and more frequently exhibit signs of decayed splendour, than of increasing prosperity. The chateau, the abode of the gentleman, and the villa, the retreat of the thriving *négociant*, are rarely seen till you come to Beaumont. At this place, which well deserves its name of the fair mount, the prospect improves greatly, and country-seats are seen in abundance; also woods, sometimes deep and extensive, at other times scattered in groves and

single trees. Amidst these, the oak seldom or never is found; England, lady of the ocean, seems to claim it exclusively as her own. Neither are there any quantity of firs. Poplars in abundance give a formal air to the landscape. The forests chiefly consist of beeches, with some birches, and the roads are bordered by elms, cruelly cropped, pollarded and switched. The demand for firewood occasions these mutilations. If I could waft by a wish the thinnings of Abbotsford here, it would make a little fortune of itself. But then, to switch and mutilate my trees! not for a thousand francs. Ay, but sour grapes, quoth the fox." Sir Walter returned to Abbotsford, in November, 1826, freighted with documents, though his information cost him £200 travelling expenses.

At Paris, I first paid my respects to the courteous Messieurs Galignani, in the Rue Vivienne; and in their quiet reading-room read up the news from their pleasant "Messenger," to my mind the model of a newspaper of reasonable size. We in England have attained cheapness in one respect: we get increase of square inches, but less digested news than we found five-and-forty years since in the little Galignani. It was a masterpiece of condensation in its sub-editorship.

It was a dull time for seeing the fashion of the capital, its notable people being mostly *à la campagne*. In Paris a man may indeed "play tricks with his fortune," even to a greater extent than he can in the English capital. In the French metropolis his standing in society is not measured by the height of his abode. There is less restraint in the public amusement; for, as Sterne says, "This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris;" and, how graphically he tells us, he walked gravely to the window in his dusty black coat, and, looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure. The Parisian is happiest when he is out of doors. He rises early, breakfasts, and reads the newspaper, with his windows open, or beneath the veranda of a *café*, and this, too, from April to October.

This was a glowing September day; the sun shone with more than mellow warmth through the groves of the Tuileries, and the little southern terrace was unusually crowded with groups of rosy children; with here and there an invalid who seemed to have emerged from his chamber, to enjoy the parting glories of the season. There was a general stir in the streets. It did not resemble the bustle of business, but had more of the gaiety of a holiday scene. What a day for St. Cloud, the Richmond of France! The French *Sheen* is gayer than ours: the exterior of the homes are whitened, or what is more artificial, coloured and decorated in tawdry French taste. Such, at least, was the appearance of the *auberges*, or inns, and *restaurants*, with which St. Cloud was better supplied than our Richmond. The steamboat was about to start for St. Cloud; but the Seine is at all times less inviting for such an excursion than our Thames; and in the summer many insulated spots might be seen in the centre of the Parisian stream. The muster of carriages was great; but I resisted all importunities, and passed on through the Champs Elysées, a dusty road through a grove intersected with ill-formed paths and gaudy *cafés* bearing pompous inscriptions.

At length, escaping from the dust and din of the French Elysium, I halted to enjoy the distant view of the city of Paris from the gate of the barrier. It was, indeed, a stirring scene: through the avenue,

whose area presented a living stream of traffic, might be seen the terraces and groves of the Tuileries and the palace, not only vicious, but positively ugly as to style, nevertheless grand and imposing, with its garden façade of nearly 1,100 feet.

Next was the tarnished gilt dome of the Invalides; the cupola of St. Genévieve, and its portico of eighteen Corinthian columns, sixty-two feet high; the grey towers of Notre Dame; then, the winding Seine, with its various bridges, quays, and terraces, and the Louvre galleries; the noble façade of the Chamber of Deputies, the courtly mansions of St. Germain, and the blackened front and dome of the Institute. What a multitude of associations flitted across the memory in a single glance at this focus of European luxury—this grand political arena of modern history. In its calendar might be traced the vain glory of conquest and the dreams of defeated ambition; and the sullied splendour of royalty, just breaking through the clouds of discontent, and slowly dispelling the mists of disaffection. Then, within these edifices, where treaties, abdications, and warrants were settled and resettled, and the inmates were exiled or condemned—were the store-houses of Art, with her proud and price-less labours of sculpture, painting, and architecture—with galleries and saloons, on whose contents the chisel and the pencil had lingered many a life. Then, the very road along which these holiday crowds were pouring, how different must its aspect have been a few years before! what sounds of breathless haste, horror, dismay and retreat, when the darling fabric of popularity began to totter beneath its insecurity, and thousands were hurried into the ruin which their own impetuosity had begun. But the subject became too painful to pursue, and I left it for the historians, resolving not to be as Dryden thinks *they* are, lighted up like tapers, to waste themselves for the benefit of others.

The village of St. Cloud figures in the earliest times of the French monarchy; for, from the beginning of the first race, the King of France had a country seat here. This spot was originally called Novogentium: Clodoalde, or Cloud, the youngest of the three sons of Clodomir, having escaped from the savage fury of his unnatural uncle, Clotaire, and thus avoided sharing the tragical fate of his two brothers, concealed himself in a wood near here, and there led the life of a hermit; at his decease, bequeathing his hermitage, and a church besides, built near it, to the chapter of the church of Paris. After his death, as a return for his liberality he was canonised, and the village from him took the name of St. Cloud. It was in its palace that Henry III was assassinated by Jacques Clement, in 1589; here likewise, took place the Revolution of Nov. 10, 1789, which placed Buonaparte at the head of the Government. St. Cloud will be remembered as the place of meeting of the two Councils—the Five Hundred and the Ancients or Moderés. Who can forget Napoleon's subtle harangue: "Citizens, you are placed upon a volcano," etc., and the sequel in the Orangery, which furnished, at its conclusion, a striking parallel to the scene which ended the Long Parliament of Charles the First's time?

The Park of St. Cloud was the work of Le Nôtre, who planned the gardens of Versailles; but, with the few natural advantages which St. Cloud afforded him, he effected there more than millions accomplished at Versailles—where art is overmatched with her own wasteful and ridiculous excess. Napoleon

passed much of what the world thought his leisure at St. Cloud; it was to him a place of repose, when compared with the noisy Tuileries and Versailles, and was too wantonly splendid for a republican abode, notwithstanding the Emperor took some pains in regilding a few of the rooms. It had been, too, the scene of outrage and massacre, and perchance the rebukes of coincidence might have stolen through the gilded saloons and galleries, to disconcert the half-formed schemes of further enterprise. Napoleon, when at St. Cloud, was jealous of intruders into the park, and the approach to the palace was interrupted—so ominous were his ideas of his own safety. One of the most remarkable objects in the park was the tower, surmounted with an exact copy, in terra-cotta, of the famous lantern of Diogenes; it was then used as an observatory, its view of the subjacent plain overlooking the city of Paris by a distance of twenty miles. St. Cloud was beautifully picturesque and rural, and altogether a pleasing spot for retirement. Versailles has altogether another character—a place of grandeur and magnificence.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

XX.—COLUMBIA DISTRICT—WASHINGTON CITY—THE CAPITOL—THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON—YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE "District of Columbia," "C.D." as it is written in postal and descriptive abbreviation, is a tract of country with an area of sixty square miles, set apart as the seat of the Federal Government. It is neither State nor Territory, but a neutral soil appropriated to the Commonwealth. The land was ceded by Maryland State, which bounds it on three sides, the fourth side being bounded by the Potomac, which separates it from Virginia. Originally, the District occupied one hundred square miles; but forty, ceded by Virginia, were restored to that State in 1846. Columbia District is under the direct government of Congress, its inhabitants having no representatives and no voice in the Federal elections.

The object in setting apart this District was to secure a site free from the influence of any particular State. Proposals have been made to transfer the seat of government to one of the larger cities. Washington, it is said, is situated in a *cul-de-sac*, "in the foot of a stocking," as one of its people described it to me, off the great highways of travel, and "leading nowhere particular." So much the better for Washington and for the Federal Government. If Congress were held in New York, or any great city either of the North or South, or in St. Louis or Chicago, the latest claimants for metropolitan dignity, the advantages of seclusion and independence would be lost. The choice of the founders of the Republic was prudent and far-seeing, and it is well that both the supreme legislative and judicial courts sit in the serene atmosphere of Columbia District.

It was Washington himself who chose the site, and who laid the corner-stone of the Capitol, and approved the plan of the metropolitan city. This was in 1793, seven years before the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia.* Though

intended to be free from the influence of any of the State capitals, the hope was cherished of the metropolis of Washington becoming itself a great city. The ground was laid out, and the avenues and streets planned on a vast scale. Only a small part of the design has yet been completed, and hence the sarcastic epithet of "the city of magnificent distances." It is a city of magnificent edifices, at all events. Besides the Capitol, the grandeur of which surpasses conception, the Patent Office, the Post Office, and above all the Treasury, are worthy of the great Republic. The President's mansion, or the White House, the Smithsonian Institute, and several of the hotels, are also imposing buildings.

The city has certainly an unfinished aspect, and is a place of prospective rather than present grandeur, like the huge truncated structure, looking now like a gigantic milestone, intended to be "the Washington Monument." But I did not find Washington so desolate a place as I had been led to expect from the exaggerated statements of travellers. Some of the streets were alive with traffic and business, and the splendid Pennsylvania Avenue always cheery and animated. I was there in September, the dullest season of the year, when few carriages or equipages are to be seen, but the omnibuses and street cars were well filled. Few cities present greater contrast at different seasons. During the session of Congress, the population is largely increased. But even without this accession there is an air of healthy progress about the place. The census of 1850 gave the population about 40,000; in 1860 it had reached 61,000, and in 1870 the number was 109,388. Chicago and St. Louis alone of all the great cities showed a larger ratio of increase in the last decennial period.

I stayed at Ebbitt House, near the Treasury, one of the most comfortable of the many great hotels with which Washington abounds. It is a house frequented by government officials and others who have to pass much time in the city, and I have pleasant recollections of the courtesy and companionship of men I met there. It was an agreeable change and quiet resting-place from the huge *caravanserais*, with their ever-shifting multitudes, in the great commercial towns. Street cars from the railway dépôt pass the door, and Pennsylvania Avenue is only a few paces distant. I see that the Avenue, one of the grandest thoroughfares in the world, a mile long and over a hundred feet broad, has been lately paved with wood, an improvement much needed and long spoken of. The citizens had a regular "carnival" on the occasion, with music and all sorts of sports, including burlesque masquerades, parades, and processions, in which public personages were cleverly "taken off." One of the groups was "the first female president of the United States," with a cabinet of ladies, and a body-guard of female voters, a ludicrous illustration of the contempt in which the advocacy of "woman's rights" is held in the American capital.

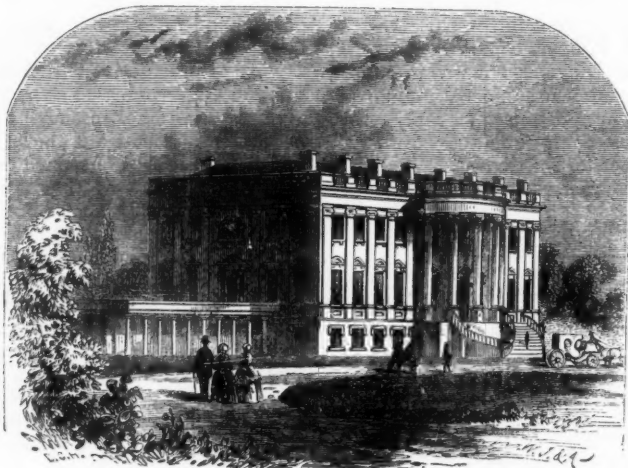
At the same time, the Government sets a good example in providing legitimate occupation for females, by largely employing them in the public offices. These close early in the afternoon, and several times when at the door of Ebbitt House I saw squads of "the Treasury regiment" pass, on their way home from work, and smart, cheerful, independent-looking girls they were. All over the Union, in post offices, telegraph offices, and other public institutions, female *employées* are found, to far larger extent than with us in England.

* In 1814 the Capitol, with the President's house and other buildings, was burnt by the British. It was repaired in 1815, and not till 1851 was the foundation-stone laid, by President Fillmore, of the new buildings, by which the original design was enlarged to more than double its size.

Georgetown, the only other town in Columbia District, is a place of some interest. Dating from old British times, there is an air of antiquity about it, compared with the modern capital. The surrounding heights are covered with fine mansions and villas, and Oak Hill cemetery is a beautiful spot. From the Capitol to Georgetown there is a tramway, and the three or four miles of road seemed always busy with traffic.

On seeing the historical fresco paintings on the walls of the Rotunda in the Capitol, I recognised

Though the nations are divided, the people ought to be again united in sympathy and friendship, as they are one in origin, in language, and in faith. The time is past for speaking disparagingly of American institutions. These English over the sea will be soon before us in population and in power, as they are already before us in education and in most things that make the well-being of a great commonwealth. In the troublous times that are coming upon Europe we may need the alliance of their strong power, as many may have to seek the sanctuary of



THE WHITE HOUSE.

scenes already familiar to me from their being engraved on the dollar bills and paper currency of higher value. The American bank notes have always been famous for the excellence of their pictorial work. The drawing and engraving being the best that the country can yield, attempts at forgery are easily detected. The artistic skill necessary for producing these pictures is rarer than the mechanical skill by which frauds in paper marks, or in printing, could be executed. Imitations of unpictured notes of smaller value are more frequent.

Of the eight pictures, the early scenes, such as that of Columbus in sight of the New World, and De Soto discovering the Mississippi, represent historical events in which all spectators have a common interest. The later scenes, such as the surrender of the British troops to General Washington, are not flattering to British visitors, some of whom describe the humiliation and vexation with which they view them. I confess I had nothing of this feeling, but rather regarded them with as much pride and pleasure as any native American. Washington and the other founders of the Republic were true Englishmen, British colonists of the right stamp; and the victories they won were victories of freedom and right over tyranny and wrong. They maintained on the soil of the New World the same principles which the people of England held in opposition to the Court. They were the successors of Pym and Hampden, of the puritan heroes and pilgrim fathers of the seventeenth century. Every liberal Englishman now condemns, as much as the great Chatham did, the blundering policy which lost America to the British Crown.

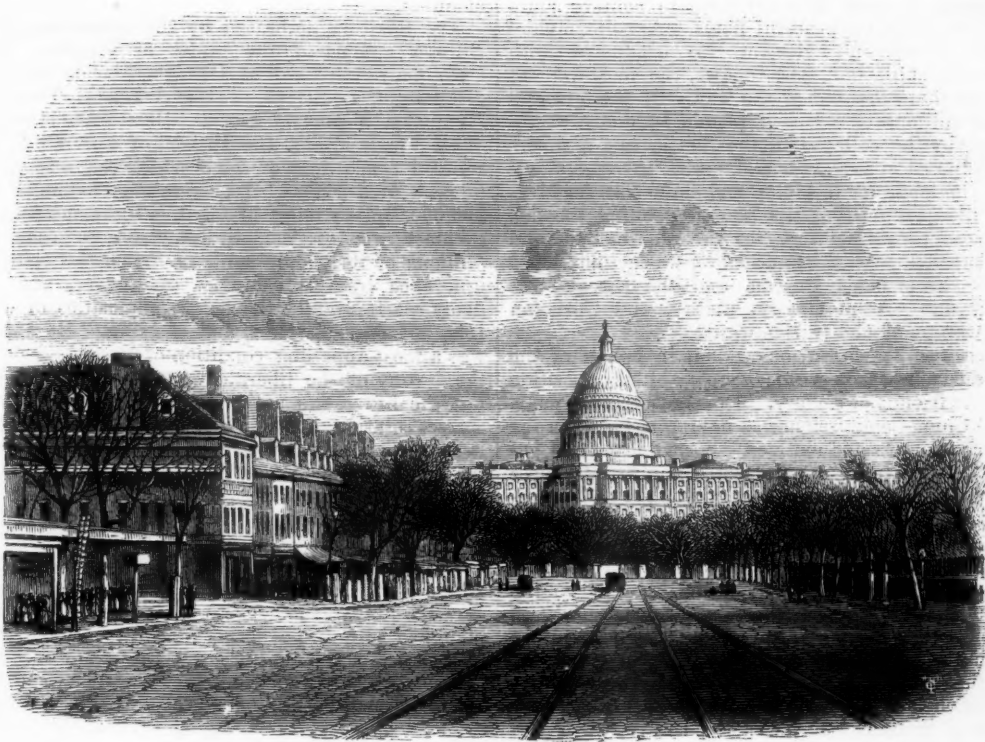
their free soil amidst the calamities that are to come on the Old World "in the latter day."

Washington was almost a blank at the time of my visit, so far as political life is concerned. The Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives were both under repair, the benches all pulled to pieces for rearrangement. Workmen were busy in other places, both outside and inside the Capitol. The White House was also in the hands of painters and decorators. The President was at the seaside, at Long Branch, and all the Cabinet and officials dispersed. Mr. Fish, the Secretary of State, was alone at his post, the only visible sign of Government of any sort. He was literally alone, living *en garçon*, his family being absent. All the foreign ministers and ambassadors were enjoying the holiday season, except Sir Edward Thornton, who was alone, like Mr. Fish, detained by his important duties. Through the private introduction of a friend I had the privilege of a long interview with the Secretary of State. I took the opportunity of assuring him of the strong and general feeling of respect and affection for America which pervaded the British people—a feeling which was not fairly represented, especially during the war, by our Government or by the Press. The "Times," and the journals misled by it, did not then express the real state of public opinion on the Alabama claims, or any of the great questions which continue to cause international irritation. Mr. Fish expressed himself with so much frankness and earnestness as to his desire to have a speedy settlement, that I could not help writing to our Foreign Office a memorandum of his conversation. The generous spirit shown by American statesmen, and their

readiness to forget the undoubted wrong done to their country by British sympathy with the Southern rebels, required concession on our part, and with men of high honour and noble character like Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, this was not difficult. The Treaty of Washington, whatever may be its results in detail, is honourable to both nations, and the feeling

lending its influence to the Southern rebels during the war.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Washington has a handsome building and commodious rooms at the corner of Ninth and D streets. The American Young Men's Association has its headquarters, and its finest establishment, like a London



THE CAPITOL.

[From a photograph.]

on both sides the Atlantic is widely different now from what it was but a year ago. Even the British minister at Washington was at that time not sanguine as to a peaceful solution, judging by the diplomatic situation. But Government and the Press, in this as in other great questions, had to follow public opinion, which happily was pronouncing with increasing urgency for peace and goodwill between the two nations.

In reviewing the debate in the House of Lords on Earl Russell's motion on the Treaty, the "Times" says that "the expression in the preamble of the treaty of regret at the escape of the Alabama, 'under whatever circumstances,' is 'without precedent, and eminently calculated to shock the sentiment of diplomatic propriety.' But then, we fear it is without precedent for two nations to resolve upon making up differences so grave without resort to arms, in the manner prescribed by Christianity, and constantly adopted in private life. If this noble resolve be called national humiliation, let us glory in the reproach; and if saying now what ought to have been said ten years ago lowers us in the estimation of Europe, let us hope that Europe will before long rise to a higher conception of international fellowship." These are truly noble sentiments, and make some amends for the evil done by the "Times" when

club-house, at New York, and branches in almost every town in the Union. It is an institution of far more influence than the similar Association in England. An annual meeting of representatives from the various associations throughout the country is held at different cities. Foreign delegates are also present, so that the meeting is really an international convention. The meeting of this year (1871) at Washington has been one of the largest and most important Christian gatherings ever held in the States.

The Association is not confined to Young Men, as the name might imply; at least the term, like the Irish one of "boys," covers all ages. The president of the Washington Association is a veteran soldier, Major-General Oliver Howard, from whom I had a hearty reception as a stranger from the old country. They may well be proud of having such a man at their head. He was one of the most distinguished officers during the war. He was present in many of the hardest fought fields, and lost his right arm at the battle of Fair Oaks. It was he who received the last charge of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. Alas, that two such men should have met in hostile array! He helped materially to gain the victory at Gettysburg, which finally turned the tide of the war.

And in Sherman's grand march through Georgia to the sea, it was Howard who commanded the right wing of the army. To some of my friends of the Peace Society these may seem sinister topics for praise, but if ever a war was justifiable, it was that into which the American Government was unwillingly compelled in self-defence against the armed violence of the Southern rebels—a war which preserved the Union, and brought freedom to the slave.

Happily, General Howard lived to achieve more noble triumphs on peaceful fields. Appointed chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, he conducted with admirable skill, tact, and temper, the most difficult business that arose out of the war. Of the four and a half millions of coloured people suddenly emancipated by the collapse of the South, vast numbers were exposed to privation and peril. Arrangements had to be made for receiving and sheltering fugitives and exiles, for feeding the hungry, tending the sick and aged, providing work for the able-bodied, and for education. All this, and more, was accomplished by the Freedmen's Bureau, and the success was largely due to the energy, ability, and Christian philanthropy of General Howard.

A work so beneficent, being done in behalf of the oppressed negro race, could not escape bitter opposition from the friends of slavery. Attacks were even made on the Chief Commissioner as having engaged in the work from interested motives. A committee of Congress having been appointed to inquire into these charges, declared them to be "groundless and causeless slanders," and the House passed a resolution that "the great trust committed to General Howard had been performed wisely, disinterestedly, economically, and successfully," and that "he is deserving of the gratitude of the whole American people." "With God on its side," added the report, "the Freedmen's Bureau, though encountering the bitterest opposition and the most unrelenting hate, has triumphed; civilisation has received a new impulse, and the friends of humanity may well rejoice."

An American journalist, Sidney Andrews, thus summed up the work in behalf of the freedmen:—

"Of the thousand things that the Bureau has done no balance-sheet can ever be made. How it helped the ministries of the church, saved the blacks from robbery and persecution, enforced respect for the negro's rights, instructed all the people in the meaning of the law, threw itself against the strongholds of intemperance, settled neighbourhood quarrels, brought about amicable relations between employer and employed, comforted the sorrowful, raised up the downhearted, corrected bad habits among whites and blacks, restored order, sustained contracts for work, compelled attention to the statute books, collected claims, furthered local educational movements, gave sanctity to the marriage relation, dignified labour, strengthened men and women in good resolutions, rooted out old prejudices, ennobled the home, assisted the freedmen to become landowners, brought offenders to justice, broke up bands of outlaws, overturned the class-rule of ignorance, led bitter hearts into brighter ways, shamed strong hearts into charity and forgiveness, promulgated the new doctrine of equal rights, destroyed the seeds of mistrust and antagonism, cheered the despondent, set idlers at work, aided in the reorganisation of society, carried the light of the North into dark places of the South, steadied the negro in his struggle with novel ideas, inculcated kindly feeling, checked the passion of

whites and blacks, opened the blind eyes of judges and jurors, taught the gospel of forbearance, encouraged human sympathy, distributed the generous charities of the benevolent, upheld loyalty, assisted in creating a sentiment of nationality—how it did all this and a hundredfold more, who shall ever tell? what pen shall ever record?"

These are warm and generous words. They are eloquent. But the facts they state are still more eloquent.

The territory embraced by the operations of the Bureau comprised the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia. The colossal proportions of the work of the Bureau will be seen at a glance. Its operations extended over 300,000 square miles of territory devastated by the greatest war of modern times, more than four millions of its people sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance by two centuries of slavery, and suddenly set free amid the fierce animosities of war—free, but poor, helpless, and starving. Here, truly, was a most appalling condition of things. Not only the destiny of the liberated race was in the balance, but the life of the nation itself depended upon the correct solution of this intricate problem. But it has been solved. At the close of the war famine looked the South in the face. There was a cry for bread throughout the southern country. It was sneeringly said by the enemies of emancipation that the negro would not labour. Satisfied by the Bureau that contracts would be enforced, that justice would be administered, with words of encouragement whispered in his ear, the negro went to work. The battle-ploughed, trampled fields of the South yielded a wealth of production that seemed not the result of human labour, but as if "earth had again grown quick with God's creating breath." The crops at the South have been larger, proportionally, since the war than at any previous time.

It was not only or chiefly the means of existence, and fields for labour that the friends of the freedmen sought to provide. The work of education had to be commenced. Before the attention of the Government or of Congress had been called to this matter, private associations had already been formed in the different States. The Society of Friends, as usual, took a prominent part in this good work. But it was a cause which touched all Christian hearts. We have pleasure in giving an extract from the official report sent by a Frenchman, M. Hippeau, to the Minister of Public Instruction of France:—

"It would be impossible to convey an idea of the energy and friendly rivalry displayed by the women of America in this truly Christian work. In the year of 1862 public meetings were held in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and soon were formed, under the double influence of humanity and religion, the 'Association for the Aid of Freedmen,' and the 'Missionary Association' in New York; the 'Committee of Education' in Boston; the 'Societies of Education' of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Special periodicals were established to publish the results achieved by each of these societies, to announce the voluntary donations collected by the committees, and to publish the letters and reports from all the different places wherein the protectors of the blacks were exercising their beneficent functions.

In one year 1,500 schools for coloured pupils were opened. No sooner had the Northern army captured a new city than a host of devoted teachers, of both sexes, also entered it. In incorporating negroes into the Northern armies the Union generals formed regimental schools for them. Sherman in Georgia, Banks in Louisiana, and Howard in Tennessee, evinced, in forwarding this great work of humanity, no less interest and energy than in the prosecution of the war.

"And it should be here stated, to the honour of a race so long disinherited, so long condemned to degradation, to brutality, to ignorance (a law of the South punishing with death any one convicted of teaching a slave to read or write), that no spectacle could be more touching than that offered by these helpless, unfortunate men, old and young, women and children, as eager to rush to the schools established for the regeneration of their minds and souls as to the places where they were provided with food and shelter. Never did a famished man pounce more eagerly upon food placed before him than did these poor fugitives upon the bread of knowledge, a sublime instinct causing them to regard education as the first condition of their regeneration.

"The beneficent Peabody consecrated five millions to the schools of the South. A single association, the American Missionary Association, received more than 45,000 francs per month; but this sum was insufficient to alleviate to a great extent the vast amount of physical and moral suffering which existed. Congress gave forty-five millions of francs to the Freedmen's Bureau, the presidency of which was confided by Lincoln to General Howard. What this Bureau has accomplished since the day of his installation is incredible. The unfortunates out of whom men and citizens were to be made required all kinds of assistance. They not only needed schools, but hospitals; and these latter were established for them. From 1861 to 1866, nearly four hundred thousand freedmen had filled the forty-eight hospitals created for them, and in which twenty thousand succumbed to misery, fatigue, and wounds received in fighting for the cause which assured to their race liberty and independence.

"Such was the devotion of the men and women occupied in the education of children, that the number of schools increased so rapidly (there were four thousand at the commencement of 1868) that more teachers were required than the North and West could supply. The generals and superintendents of the Freedmen's Bureau partially supplied this want by creating normal schools for the blacks, and by confiding to them as soon as they acquired the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, the responsibility of communicating their knowledge to others. Admirable pupils, they became excellent professors. They themselves were then able to found schools. God knows at the price of what sacrifices and what privations. In 1868, they supported at their own cost twelve hundred schools, and owned three hundred and ninety-one school buildings.

"One fact alone goes to show the importance attached by them to education. In 1863, Louisiana had schools enough, supported by taxation, to furnish instruction to 50,000 freed persons. Pressing needs having caused the abolishment of the tax, they were at first disheartened, but they soon regained their courage. They held meetings. Already they were paying, like the whites, a tax levied for public

instruction, but which was employed entirely to sustain schools for the whites, and from which the blacks were excluded. Notwithstanding this injustice, they demanded to be authorised to furnish a special contribution for the education of their children, and, at the same time, were willing to pay the general school tax, and maintain their own schools themselves. In a few years the emancipated race had already elevated itself to the level of the civilising race.

"Surely the American people are entitled to admiration and thanks for the generous ardour with which they have lavished their gold and employed their noble and powerful initiative in giving to their new brethren all the advantages which accrue from education."

It was in Washington that the first schools for the education of the children of Freedmen were established. Not satisfied with primary schools, General Howard planned schools of higher grade, and a university, with faculties of literature, law, medicine, and other departments. The design has been carried out, and Howard University will remain as the noblest monument of its distinguished founder. The university buildings occupy a fine site two or three miles north-east of the capital. The college session had not commenced when I was at Washington, but I had the pleasure of visiting the preparatory and normal schools. The opening exercises at 8 A.M. were conducted by General Howard, who takes the most zealous and watchful supervision over the whole course of training. The largest class-room was crowded on every bench with happy, healthy young "darkies." I never saw an array of more attentive, intelligent faces, and never heard sweeter and heartier voices than in that school, when the hymns were sung, after reading the Holy Scriptures, and prayer. It was one of the brightest scenes, altogether, that I witnessed in America, and the more so that I knew it was but a sample of what the Freedmen's Bureau has accomplished in hundreds of places of the Southern States.

As to the intellectual capacity of coloured children, I prefer quoting testimonies of more weight than my own. The Rev. Mr. Zincke says: "I must confess my astonishment at the intellectual acuteness displayed by a class of coloured pupils. They had acquired, in a short space of time, an amount of knowledge truly remarkable; never in any school in England, and I have visited many, have I found the pupils able to comprehend so readily the sense of their lessons; never have I heard pupils ask questions which showed a clearer comprehension of the subject they were studying." Nor is this intelligence mere "quickness at the uptake," as the Scotch call it, or precocious acuteness in acquiring knowledge soon to be forgotten. M. Hippeau visited Oberlin College, and what he saw entirely confirmed the opinions formed in the schools of the South. "The coloured girls in the highest classes," he says, "appeared in no way inferior to their white companions of the same age." In 1868 the degree of B.A. was conferred upon fifteen young coloured men, and ten young coloured women. The principal of the college, in his address to the students, stated that in literary taste and ability these coloured pupils were unexcelled by any of their white fellow-graduates. The professors all gave the same testimony as to their pupils, and with regard to moral character, M. Hippeau was assured that the negro race formed a fifth of the

whole population of Oberlin, and that "the most peaceable, well-behaved, and studious citizens of the place belonged to the coloured race."

Having given these testimonies, I need not express my own opinion, as formed by a visit to the Howard University. Whatever may be the inferiority from natural constitution, or from the effects of centuries of oppression and wrong, there is the same capacity in the coloured race as in the white for indefinite improvement by intellectual and moral culture. Above all, the power of Divine truth and grace can bring men of all races to the same high standard of Christian excellence, of which many noble examples are found in the United States, both in Church and State.

I have devoted a large proportion of space in my chapter on Washington to this subject of the coloured people and the Freedmen's Bureau. Mere descriptions of the city and its sights are found in every guide-book and journal of travels. The condition of the people has a far deeper and more enduring interest. I found myself at Washington for the first time in a place where the coloured race forms a large proportion of the population, and had an opportunity of studying their position and prospects. If the work of the Freedmen's Schools and the Howard University is well sustained, there is no risk of weakness, but rather the certainty of increased strength and power to the Republic from the accession of the coloured race to equal civil and political rights.

MR. FROUDE ON CALVINISM.

MR. J. A. FROUDE, the historian, in his annual address to the students of St. Andrew's University, as Lord Rector, took "Calvinism" as his theme. After stating that he should not trespass on theology, though he must go near the frontiers of it, Mr. Froude said:—"I am going to ask you to consider how it came to pass that, if Calvinism is indeed the hard and unreasonable creed which modern enlightenment declares it to be, it has possessed such singular attractions in past times for some of the greatest men that ever lived. It is enough to mention the names of William the Silent, of Luther—for on the points of which I am speaking Luther was one with Calvin—of your own Knox, and Andrew Melville, and the Regent Murray, of Coligny, of our English Cromwell, of Milton, of John Bunyan. These were men possessed of all the qualities which give ability and grandeur to human nature—men whose lives were as upright as their intellect was commanding, and their public aims untainted with selfishness; unalterably just where duty required them to be stern, but with the tenderness of a woman in their hearts; frank, true, cheerful, humorous—as unlike sour fanatics as it is possible to imagine any one, and able in some way to sound the key-note to which every brave and faithful heart in Europe instinctively vibrated. This is the problem. Grapes do not grow on bramble-bushes. Illustrious natures do not form themselves upon narrow and cruel theories."

Of Calvin himself Mr. Froude said:—"His name is now associated only with gloom and austerity. I suppose it is true that he rarely laughed. He had none of Luther's genial and sunny humour. Could they have exchanged conditions, Luther's temper might have been somewhat grimmer; but he would

never have been entirely like Calvin. Nevertheless, for hard times hard men are needed, and intellect which can pierce to the roots where truth and lies part company. It fares ill with the soldiers of religion when 'the accursed thing is in their camp.' And this is to be said of Calvin, that, so far as the state of knowledge permitted, no eye could have detected more keenly the unsound spots in the received creed of the Church; nor was there reformer in Europe so resolute to exercise, tear out, and destroy what was distinctly seen to be false—so resolute to establish what was true in its place, and make truth to the last fibre of it the rule of practical life.

"Calvinism as it existed at Geneva, and as it endeavoured to be wherever it took root for a century and a half, was not a system of opinion, but an attempt to make the will of God as revealed in the Bible an authoritative guide for social as personal direction. Men wonder why the Calvinists, being so doctrinal, yet seemed to dwell so much more on the Old Testament than the New. It was because in the Old Testament they found, or thought they found, a Divine example of national government, a distinct indication of the laws which men were ordered to follow, with visible and immediate punishments attached to disobedience. At Geneva, as for a time in Scotland, moral sins were treated as crimes against God Almighty. 'Elsewhere,' said Knox, speaking of Geneva, 'the Word of God is taught as purely, but never anywhere have I seen God obeyed as faithfully.' If it was a dream, it was at least a noble one.

"The Calvinists have been called intolerant. Intolerance of an enemy who is trying to kill you seems to me a pardonable state of mind. Norman Leslie did not kill Cardinal Beaton down in the Castle yonder because he was a Catholic, but because he was a murderer. The Catholics chose to add to their already incredible creed a fresh article, that they were entitled to hang and burn those who differed from them; and in this quarrel the Calvinists, Bible in hand, appealed to the God of battles. They grew harsher—fiercer, if you please—more fanatical. It was extremely natural that they should. They dwelt, as pious men are apt to dwell, in suffering and sorrow, on the all-disposing power of Providence. Their burden grew lighter as they considered that God had so determined that they must bear it. But they attracted to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe that 'hated a lie.' They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no power could bend or melt them. They had many faults; let him that is without sin cast a stone at them. They abhorred, as no body of men ever more abhorred, all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrongs of every kind so far as they could recognise it. Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts."

In conclusion, Mr. Froude said:—"Calvinism was the spirit which, as I have shown you, has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a dream, and man be as the beasts that perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves towards them—inherent, like the laws of

gravity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril. Nay, rather the law of gravity is but a property of material substance and matter, and all that belongs to it may one day fade away like cloud and vanish. The moral law is inherent in eternity. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.' The law is the expression of the will of the Spirit of the Universe. The spirit in man which corresponds to and perceives the Eternal Spirit is part of its essence, and immortal as He is immortal."

THE MOON.

BY W. R. BIRT, F.R.A.S.

III.—SUNRISE ON THE MOON.

THE gradual coming into sunlight of a ring mountain on the surface of the moon of about fifty or sixty miles in diameter, is a superb and glorious spectacle. Wrapped in the shadows of a night equal in duration to fourteen of our days and nights, not a trace is discoverable of so fine a formation as *Copernicus* (109) when the morning terminator approaches the base of its western wall, which it does when the moon is eight days old. A few glimmering points in the night side indicate that some eminences are just catching the earliest rays of the rising sun; shortly afterwards these rays illumine other points, increasing their number and connecting them by lines of light; and as the sun rises higher and higher above the horizon, the terraced character of the exterior portion of the ring becomes manifest, the ravines between each ascending terrace still lying in deep shadow and marked by irregular dark lines. By-and-by the western wall facing the sun is well lit up by his glorious and energising rays, but all beyond is dark as night, the eastern side of the wall still being in shadow, and so it continues until the sun attains a sufficient altitude for his beams to strike the highest portion of the opposite or eastern wall, when a lucid point, the summit of the highest peak, fifty-six miles away in the night side, shines as a little star in the surrounding darkness; but this appearance is of short continuance; another and another, and still another peak is lighted up; many of the connecting ridges become so too, and the circular form of the wall, although not completely visible, can easily be traced by means of the beaded appearance of the highest portions of the ring, the illumination of which is soon completed, and the general nature of the formation manifested.

Hitherto the description has been that of the emergence from the darkness of night to the early illumination of the exterior of one of the grandest and most striking formations on the moon. The observer, however, has a still finer view awaiting him as the sun rises over a range of hills 13,000 feet above the interior surface. At first he perceives a bright crescent of light, just below the eastern summit of the ring, which increases under his eye, and it may be remarked in passing that these crescents of light at sunrise often attain a degree of dazzling brilliancy in the smaller craters which he cannot fail to notice in every part of the moon's disk. As the convex shadow of the western mountains gradually recedes from the eastern summits, more and more of the interior is revealed, the convexity of the shadow indicating the

cup—or rather saucer—shaped character of the formation, which may be interestingly and familiarly illustrated at the tea-table by allowing a light at a small elevation above the rim of a cup of tea about three parts full, so to shine upon it that the shadow may fall *beyond* the surface of the tea upon the interior of the cup. The young telescopicist cannot fail to remark the analogy and turn it to account. As the edge of the shadow is descending, the bright interior of *Copernicus* appears to be scored, as it were, by darker lines, indicative not only of deep ravines existing in the rugged descent from the summit, but that the mountainous border of the large crater itself has been reft asunder by no ordinary force. The shadow now occupies about two-thirds of the space from the western to the eastern summit, its convexity has vanished, it has arrived at the eastern extremity of the floor—the surface of the tea in our illustrative cup; this gives us a measure of the extent of floor as compared with the ascent to the eastern summit and probably also to the western, viz., one-third, unless the western slope should be more precipitous. It is about this time that the interior darkness is broken by some lucid points, the summits of interior mountains about 2,000 feet high. As the shadow recedes across the floor, the illumination of these mountains increases, until their bases are in full sunshine, after which the edge of the shadow continues to approach the western rim, presenting a *concavity* characterised by every irregularity that may exist upon the western summit of the ring, one of which deserves a passing notice. It is an overhanging crag, the shadow of which is thrown upon the interior rugged slope, when the sun has attained a considerable elevation, and the whole of the interior of *Copernicus* is in full sunlight.

In this description of the gradual illumination of a large lunar crater, we have endeavoured to set forth one of the most pleasing occupations for the telescope. We would, however, just mention that in watching these varied and interesting appearances it is well to bear in mind that we are looking upon a somewhat *large* extent of surface from a great elevation—a circular range of hills encircling a plane, the diameter from summit to summit being somewhere about 300,000 feet, and it appears to us while emerging from darkness as a deep cavity. Would it appear so were we within the circle? If we station ourselves at the distance of twenty-eight or thirty miles from a mountain range of twelve or fifteen thousand feet high, and remark the angle which the summits of the mountains make with the horizon, we have on the earth the same appearance which we should witness on the moon *within* *Copernicus*, and no doubt we should consider it as very earth-like.

As the morning terminator of the moon passes from the "Harbingers" (1)—a group of isolated mountains on the N.W. of *Aristarchus* (117) (the bright spot near the lower edge of our picture on the right), the illumination of which heralds the coming into sunlight of the brightest point of the moon's surface—to the ridge extending north from *Marius* (104) towards *Herodotus* (118), a most interesting region comes into view at an epoch of eleven to twelve days of the moon's age, longitude of the terminator at the equator varying from 44° to 56° each. The first striking object which arrests the attention is the western ascent of the rim or border of the well-known crater "*Aristarchus*." A telescope of small aperture exhibits this ascent as consisting of two separate crests indicated by a dark line be-

tween them. As the sun rises higher above the horizon of Aristarchus the eastern rim appears as a fine line of light which rapidly increases in breadth and assumes a dazzling whiteness. On the north of this some lucid points are seen indicative of the existence of a mountainous region, which at a later period, but within the limits above mentioned, is seen to throw two distinct groups of shadows on to the lower level to the east. These shadows reveal the presence of a rocky axis, such as we should describe in terrestrial physics as an *anticlinal* or *watershed*, sloping somewhat gently towards the west, but descending with great steepness towards the east. It is a most interesting occupation to notice during the watch of a few hours the gradual lighting up of one of the most wonderful of lunar landscapes, and the coming into visibility of its remarkable features as the sunlight brings them into view. On the western slope of the axis four crater openings are seen, the chief of which is Aristarchus, having on the north of it three much smaller. These are situated on rocky portions of the slope, and were seen and drawn with the main features of the entire group by the Hanoverian selenographer Schröter, on the 28th of December, 1789. The whole of this fine group was seen to great advantage with a small telescope by the writer on the 3rd of March, 1871. The southern extremity of the rocky axis terminates somewhat abruptly, a ridge extending from the S.E. border of Aristarchus, the S.W. slope of which is, at the time above specified, strongly illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, and the whole of the ridge, including slope and summit, appears—as the sun exerts the powerful influence of an uninterrupted presence of seven terrestrial days, at the end of which it attains its greatest height in the lunar heavens—as a brush of vivid light, of a bluish tint, according to Webb, and which is often seen in the dark part of the early moon shining by light reflected from the earth. As the shadows of the southern group of peaks crowning the axis recede, the eastern rim of another crater about the size of Aristarchus comes into view, and at the same time the oblique rays of sunlight illumine what appears to be a plain north of it and east of the rocky axis. The crater is known as “Herodotus,” and a very little attention will convince the observer that it and Aristarchus are opened on opposite sides of the axis, some of the higher peaks forming the west wall of Herodotus. It is extremely interesting to notice, as the shallow floor of Herodotus comes into view by the recess of the shadows of the mountains, that its tint is *dark*, that of Aristarchus being brilliantly white, thus calling to mind the high probability of different materials having been ejected from their orifices during the period of their activity; and may we not trace here something like the light acid and trachytic lavas analogous to the granites, felsites, etc., of our own globe, in many of the white, dazzling central mountains and brilliant interiors of the brightest craters; and also in the dark-floored craters the occurrence of something analogous to the dark basic lavas and basaltic or trappean rocks so common with us? The study of the different tints of these objects is full of interest.

On turning the eye north-eastward from these, the two principal craters of the group, we see a slightly illuminated variegated surface which the shadows of the mountains have left, the prevailing colour of which is a delicate green. This region is bounded on the west by the cliffs forming the axis, and be-

tween them and the plain is a valley of about two miles wide, which strongly reminds one of a deep ravine at the foot of the cliffs. This valley grooves the surface between the two groups of peaks. It is just at the point where it meets the southern extremity of the northern group of peaks that it turns eastward, and as if apparently meeting with some obstacle it assumes for a short distance a subdued zigzag form, and then pursues its course south-eastwardly for some distance farther. On the evening of the 3rd of March, 1871, the surface embraced by this remarkable “valley” was most advantageously seen. Just beyond it towards the east was the terminator separating night from day, its progress being clearly traceable while under the eye. The lunar surface immediately adjoining the western part of the ravine was of a lighter tint than that farther eastward, which was separated from it by a straight line extending from the eastern rim of Herodotus to the zigzag portion before mentioned, and appeared as if it were exceedingly smooth. On the other side, or north of the ravine, the surface was of a different character, the interchange of light and shadow clearly manifesting that it consisted of grooves roughly parallel with that portion of the valley, the direction of which is N.W.—S.E., and which takes its rise at the zigzag portion. North of these parallel grooves were two somewhat large depressions on which the sun was rising and illuminating some mountain peaks in their neighbourhood.

The locality of this region is between 20° and 30° of north latitude, and 45° and 55° of east longitude. Some portion of it may generally be seen, as both morning and evening terminators pass over it, *i.e.*, at sunrise and sunset upon it; at other times it is a pleasant and delightful occupation to observe the different appearances which it presents—some portions becoming brighter, others fading out, as it were, and some disappearing altogether—as the sun attains its culminating point—and then as gradually reappearing as it declines. As our acquaintance with the features of the moon's surface increases, it is not improbable that we may obtain some glimpses of the nature of the forces which have produced them.

ROME IN 1871.

BY MARY HOWITT.

II.

WE have spoken of the admirable school commenced by Mrs. Gould and of the *crèche*. Other works of benevolence are gradually establishing themselves under Protestant management. The “British Workman,” in its foreign dress, as *L'Artista Italiano*, is eagerly sought after, and read, whenever it can be obtained, as are all that class of cheap, well-got-up periodicals now put in Italian; the only difficulty being that as yet, owing to the want of an agent, they can only be received here by private means, through the post, consequently in small numbers and at a greatly increased price. Let us hope that this evil may shortly be remedied, for the people are beginning to read as they never read before, and it is not an unusual thing to see a poor man sitting in some retired part, perhaps of the Borghese gardens, spelling out to himself patiently and eagerly that which he is not able easily to read. And we know an instance of a workman in a sculptor's studio, who has himself voluntarily formed a

class of young men and become their teacher. He is acquainted with English, and translates Mr. Power's admirable little stories, "The Oiled Feather," etc., for the benefit and delight of his adult scholars.

Even down in the dirty, crowded Ghetto, amongst the tenacious Jews, a spirit of intellectual inquiry is aroused. The New Testament is purchased by them, and tenpence on one occasion was offered for a tract worth a penny, by one of these money-loving Hebrews, to secure the last copy, which he was anxious to obtain. Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," and "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," are especial favourites amongst the Romans.

Of course, as in all great revolutions, whether of life or opinion, there will be extravagances and excesses, which one must regret, so here we find those who are bursting forth from the slavery of priestly authority would sometimes do away with religious observance, and even bury their dead without clerical assistance. Thus some two or three months ago a carpenter of the name of Gassano having died, a number of the Carpenters' Guild, in order to show their respect to his memory, joined the funeral procession, having at their head the national flag. At sight of the offensive Italian colours the priests ordered the bier to be set down, and with very strong denunciations refused to proceed. On this the friends of Gassano took up the coffin themselves, and commencing, it is said, to chant a hymn, moved forward. The priests, seeing their office thus usurped, appealed to the crowd, vehemently protesting against this attempt of the laity to exercise their holy functions, or to carry the dead to burial without holy candle or book. But nobody interfered, and the friends of Gassano set the novel example of an interment without a priest. The same took place, but on an immensely larger scale, with a procession a mile in length, composed of thousands of the citizens of Rome, with the greater part, if not the whole body, of the National Guards; solemn music, and every accessory of public sympathy and sorrow, on the interment, just before Easter, of Mattei Montecchi. This man was one of the earliest and most zealous assertors of the liberty of modern Italy. Under Gregory xvi, the predecessor of Pio Nono, he was arrested, and sentenced to the galleys, but was liberated in 1846, by the amnesty of the present pope. He fought against the Austrians and French during the short Roman republic, and was exiled on the French occupation. He returned to Rome, however, with the Italians in September, and took a prominent part in the popular movement. The Government being established, he returned to Venice, where he was engaged in some commercial business. He died in London, and his compatriots, by whom he was greatly beloved, had his remains brought here, and gave him a magnificent public funeral, but without priestly aid or intervention.

Perhaps if there be a cause of anxiety with regard to the establishment of the Italian Government here, with Rome as the capital of United Italy, it is in the republican element, which somewhat more than smoulders under the surface of the Roman popular mind. How it will act, probably depends in a great measure on the course of events in France; certain it is, at present, that the Italian Government, with its exhausted exchequer, has a difficult part to play. The Romans are disappointed to find the new Government imposing taxes heavier even than those of the old papal rule, and landlords and householders,

willing enough to have an excuse for increasing their incomes, are demanding such exorbitant rents, partly on the plea of the new taxes, partly because so many houses will be required for the members and officials of the Government, when it is removed hither, that everything threatens to be turned topsyturvy. You hear everywhere of your friends being compelled to look out for fresh quarters, and dismal faces meet you instead of smiles. The National Guard, lately so admired and popular, has fallen a little into disrepute with the populace by interfering against a demonstration which was intended to commemorate some fallen heroes of 1849.

In the meantime, the spring, the most delicious season in this delicious climate, with its blue skies and wealth of flowers, is making all Italy a paradise, and nowhere is there a richer luxury of beauty than in the neighbourhood of Rome. The Campagna seems to laugh amidst its burst of verdure and of flowers; thousands of larks carol in the sky above the old ruined aqueducts, tombs, and villas, showering down their melody from the blue heights of heaven to the shepherd standing propped immovably on his staff, with his immense flock feeding round him in a dense mass, kept jealously within bounds by his wonderfully sagacious but fierce dogs. The immense tracts of vegetable gardens, acres of artichokes, asparagus, lettuce, endive, and fennel, fields of new potatoes, beans and peas, are in the most abundant state, and the markets are full to overflowing with their products; cherries are already exposed for sale, but strawberries are this year backward. Flocks of goats are driven into the town from all sides early in the morning to give the supply of goats' milk, which is one of the Roman luxuries in spring. These flocks, twenty or thirty in number, pause at the corners of certain streets, and out come women and children with their glasses and cups, into which the warm rich milk is poured from the little measure into which the milk is streamed direct from the shaggy, picturesque creatures. Men offer also for sale *acqua gelosa*, for which there is an equal demand. This is a mineral water from a spring a few miles out of Rome, which is considered cooling for the blood at this warm season of the year, and is greatly recommended by old residents. Against most of the public street-fountains little booths, often of bamboo, are now erected, many of them prettily ornamented with evergreens, into which the water is conducted, and there hundreds and thousands of people through the hot day obtain their farthing or halfpenny glass of lemonade, orangeade, or almond milk, and varieties of cool effervescing *bibite* or beverages.

The vineyards, as well as the vegetable gardens, are now in beautiful order; each vine, pruned to within a few inches of the root, is sending out its vigorous young shoots, for the support of which three bamboo canes, grown in vast quantities for this purpose, are planted, to which the shoots quickly attach themselves. Vine-growers are already inviting their friends for a *festa* or a *villiaggiatura* to their vineyards, from two or three to fifteen or twenty miles out of the city, and nothing can surpass the hospitality of such simple entertainments, where, in some half-castellated but meagrely furnished house, you partake of great dishes of freshly-cut artichokes, stuffed with rosemary, swimming in oil; fresh, crisp, tender lettuces, with boned turkey, broad beans, and rich macaroni—dishes more suited to an Italian than an English palate—and return in the evening to Rome,

bringing sheaves of honeysuckles and roses to a very city of roses.

Many a vineyard, too, is attached to old religious houses, a lay brother occupying the great desolate country casino, perched high, perhaps, on the vineyard hill, in the old ruinous court of which wine is made in the autumn and stored in the cellars, of such rare quality that the convent might derive a princely income from its sale. A friend of ours, an American Protestant, ranks amongst his acquaintance a liberal padre, a priest who lives in a monastery in Rome, to which one of these pleasant outside vineyards belongs. Accordingly one afternoon the padre made his appearance, requesting his friend to accompany him to the vineyard. The American had not many hours to spare, but it then being early in the afternoon, set off with him willingly. The influence of the sky and air, and the pleasant walk in cheerful company with the padre, filled his heart with the gladness of a boy. Coming to a gate in the Campagna, the young American, laying his hand on the topmost rail, vaulted lightly over it. At the sight of this, the padre was emulated to do the same, but, encumbered by his long black skirts, made a fruitless attempt. After, however, leaping up and performing various somersaults, to the exhibition of his white-stockinged legs and black breeches, by the help of his friend he scaled the gate, as he believed, in excellent style, and greatly pleased by his achievement, freely confessed to his companion his impatience with the monastic garb, confiding to him that in all probability the priest would shortly be disencumbered of it. The coming new order of things finds favour in his eyes, as it does with Père Hyacinthe, who is now in Rome, and to many another priest, all of whom are ready to hail the day when they may be delivered from the bondage, not only of the priestly habit, but of the priestly law, which has forbidden them the holiest privileges of their manhood, private homes and domestic life. A strange, dreary old house was that at this vineyard, consisting of about twenty little rooms, brick-floored, and most scantily furnished, very dirty too, and forlorn. But the padre was more than content, and whilst the lay brother frizzled and fried in the kitchen, took his guest round, showing him with the greatest satisfaction a very bare little room, dignified by the name of library, in which a few religious books, a fine and really valuable Latin Bible, and still more, a very dirty, well-worn pack of cards, were the conspicuous objects.

This padre is only a type of his class. He and they are waiting to become workers in the new vineyard, which they almost expect will open to them in the coming year. Events move swiftly in these days of steam and electric telegraphs. The same feeling operates in the higher circles, where the Dorias, the Pallavicinis, Prince Teano and his blind father, both of whom, like many other Italian noblemen, have English or American wives, have at once attached themselves to the liberal side; others, more cautious, are coming over by degrees; and many *Neri*, who would have considered it indecorous to yield the first year, speak of there being a better understanding in the upper circles next winter, and a more open and general attendance at the Quirinal.

Thus day by day the papal power totters, until it may eventually fall, whilst it grasps at each offered prop, in the form of English deputations, and the promise of foreign crusades.

Varieties.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1832.—On the following Monday (26th March) I dined at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent. The party was numerous: Lord Durham, Lord and Lady Surrey, The Duke of Somerset and Lady C. St. Maur, Lord Radnor, Sir John Sebright, the Duke and Duchess of Leinster and Sir John Conroy. The Princess Victoria sat on her mother's right hand. Sir John Conroy, the controller of H.R.H.'s household, sat at the bottom of the table. Lord Durham handed the Duchess in to dinner. The young Princess (her present Majesty) was treated in every respect like a grown-up woman, although apparently quite a child. Her manners were very pleasing and natural, and she seemed much amused by some conversation with Lord Durham, a manifest favourite at Kensington. When she left the company she curtsied round very prettily to all the guests, and then ran out of the room. What will become of this young, pretty, unaffected child in a few, few years? An interval of thirty-three years, a reign of twenty-eight years—some of them in very difficult, if not dangerous times—and the greatest of all calamities that can befall a woman and a queen, have not deprived her of the smile, the kind and gracious smile, which charmed me in those long bygone days, and with which she received an old servant and subject only two days ago [15th May, 1865].—*Lord Broughton's Recollections.*

POSTAL WEIGHTS.—The "Mechanics Magazine" observes that most people are in the habit of carrying postal weights in their pockets. They exist in the pleasant shape of current coins of the realm, and are, therefore, usually at hand at any and all times. Most people know well enough the precise value of the discs of metal, but very few are acquainted with the precise or theoretical weight of each individual piece of money in circulation. If its weight and value were alike familiarly recognised by the public, the English coinage might easily be forced to do double duty. The bronze penny is universal, and three such coins weigh just an ounce. A letter weighing just three half-pennies, or half an ounce, must have a penny stamp affixed to it. Five half-pence make one ounce. All our silver coins are safe postal weights. The crown piece is just under the ounce in weight, the half-crown just below the half-ounce, and any number of subordinate silver pieces equal in nominal value to those coins is also equal to them in weight. A letter which does not weigh more than a florin and a sixpence, or five sixpences, or ten threepennies, for example, requires a penny stamp only.

QUINT ONDAATJE.—Some account was given in a former volume of the "Leisure Hour" of Dr. Quint Ondaatje, who is remarkable as the only Asiatic who figures prominently in European history. Born in Ceylon, then under Dutch government, he was sent to complete his studies in Holland, where he became a political leader in the struggles which agitated the country just prior to the outbreak of the first French Revolution. The Utrecht Historical Society has now published a full Memoir of his Life and Times—a chapter of history little known, but especially interesting, in view of recent Communist schemes, as illustrating another attempt to establish political liberties by the assertion of municipal rights.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.—The *Economist* says:—"Mr. Lowe rather astonished the House of Commons not long ago by telling them that we are paying off our debt much more quickly than is commonly believed, and that, as a proof of it, we paid off as much as £10,000,000 since so short time ago as 1st April, 1868. An account showing this to be so has now been laid on the table of the House. But these figures do not tell us that since 1868 we have increased our debt £7,300,000 to pay for the telegraphs. And this happily is a debt of a peculiar nature. It is a debt counterbalanced by a property. Formerly the State was liable on Consols and interest-bearing debt; now it is liable on a debt in the ledger on which it pays no interest. The annual charge is diminished; but, except so far as the unclaimed balances go, the liability to repay the principal sum, or the equivalent to it, remains just where it was. If we deduct this peculiar item in the account, we have really paid off £11,888,846 in four years, which is at the rate of £2,972,212 a year, an amount of repayment which is very satisfactory, especially considering that our expenditure has in these years been very large, and which under all probable circumstances ought, as a matter of national policy, to be at least maintained if not increased."